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A NEW DISCOVERY:

OR,

PROVISION IN OUR NERVOUS SYSTEM FOR THE
CONTINUANCE OF YOUTH.

BY S. E. L. SMITH.

*Who has left me today. I believe
to the College (See Page 1)*

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A New Discovery :

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FOR thousands of years a mysterious and terrific Angel, with sword of flames, has stood guard at the portals of the Tree of Life. The earth is drunk with the blood of his victims. His footstool is a Golgotha. Those cruel flames have remorselessly devoured every aspirant to the realm whose gates they cover.

Sweet infancy, with heaven's own smile on its rosy lip, has dropped shuddering 'neath their scorching blight. The merry song of childhood has been rudely changed to the choking rattle, as the tender sufferer breathed out its life! The lovely maiden and the young hero in the pride and joy of blooming love, have perished like bright blossoms before the Simoom. The noble mother, with her glorious wealth of devotion, and calm strength, has been stricken by the same fatal weapon, and slept to wake no more

'The proud father, with his generous love, and his ripe wisdom, has been forced to bow and bite the dust in death, even as the vile worm that fed on his sacred remains !

The song of the morning stars that greeted the birth of humanity has been long drowned in the wail of sorrow for those who

“ Come again no more ! ”

The most charming legends of mythology have their ground work in the imperishable faith and yearning of humanity for continuous youth. Gifted beings have sung to listening crowds of the bright promise which their strong glance could see in the far future, but whose star of hope would light only their quiet resting place. Some of the most beautiful creations of prose and poetry have taken their fairest colours from this inspiration, and every truly pure and wholesome nature has shrunk with instinctive horror from violent decay of life.

Many of the most heroic explorers of past ages have been inspired by the hope of continuing their youth. From their efforts, results which have benefited the race on the grandest scale have been accomplished.

The fair land of America was first espied by chivalrous men who dared the unknown deeps, in search of El Dorado, and the land of eternal youth ! Long, long years passed ere the fond hope perished, and in some sunny fields of the bright South, even now, the quiet dust of those lofty heroes sleeps

among the shades where they sought their treasures ! What numbers have watched, and experimented in sure faith that *some where*, in *some hallowed moment*, the wondrous power would disclose itself to the long suffering race, and the blessings of continuous youth be welcomed amid such songs as never yet floated on the air of heaven.

We ever think it strange when important facts in science or art are recognised, that things so *simple*, truth so *apparent*, could have been so long overlooked by the faithful wise ones, who preceded the happy discoverers.

The boy Watt, attracted by the steaming urn ; the philosopher in his homely garden, idly watching the ripe fruit fall to the earth ; each almost stumbling on a truth that seemed to have been long waiting and wooing to be accepted, might well have suggested to us that the truth indeed lay in and around and very near us all the time.

Only a month or two ago, one of the most distinguished hygienic authorities* now living, declared in speech and writing, that some of the most important principles of his favourite science would doubtless be picked up by some simple student in the byways of life, with no grand title to herald his name, and no previous prestige to make him an object of interest.

It is thus that the present writer steps from the

* Brown Sequard, of Paris.

rank of the educated laity, to offer *a few facts*, very simple, and yet in their bearing of such mighty import that every ear may well be caught in rapt attention, and as intelligence and conviction are aroused, each auditor thrill with emotions of relief and joy that no other announcement could possibly occasion !

Is it strange that the most important distinction between a living human being and the inanimate objects about him is his wonderful nervous system?—the delicate compound of oxygen, phosphorus, and fat—that this substance is capable of *expanding* and *contracting*?—that during its period of expansion it more readily absorbs nourishing particles from the blood-vessels connected with its tubes, and that during contraction it throws off the dead and effete particles which have accumulated, discharging them into the blood ?

Examine nerve matter with the microscope by vivisection during the waking hours, and you find it in an expanded almost liquid condition.

Examine it during sleep at night, and you find a coagulated mass :—one portion contracted, and the rest a *thin liquid*, something like milk that has been churned, and, when the butter has come, has been left to stand a little ; a watery portion called *whey*, is at the top.

How natural is it that the motion of contraction should aid the precipitation of dead and foreign matter from the elastic palpitating particles, *in the*

form of a liquid, which is more readily absorbed by the blood, *leaving the remainder fresh and pure*.

Nor is it less simple and natural that the expansion of the delicate particles during the day, pressing against the blood vessels, should facilitate their absorption of nourishment from the blood.

Yet simple as these facts are, and with all the careful observation which has been given to microscopic investigation, their discovery is very recent.

The regular and perfect operation of these motions of nerve matter, in expanding to absorb nourishment, and contracting to dislodge and throw off dead and foreign particles, is of the first importance in preserving its substance fresh and pure. Of course the blood must be good, and ready to supply the nerves with wholesome nourishment, but however good the blood may be, if the nerves are clogged with effete substance they cannot absorb that nourishment. Also, foreign matter not discharged injures the elasticity of their particles, so that they do not expand or swell out, to absorb nourishment.

The object and purpose of the expansion and contraction of nerve matter being clearly understood, the next point of interest is the *time* at which these motions occur.

Nerve matter is only found to be contracted during sleep at night. This is a simple fact which students will of course verify by microscopic examinations for themselves. People generally will

accept the statements of scholars whom they trust, without further examination, but the least learned have one unfailing test which nothing can deprive them of, or deceive them in observing; and that is, the delightful sense of freshness and thorough invigoration after a full refreshing night's rest. The feeling of elasticity, of perfect command of all one's physical faculties is too complete and delightful to be misunderstood. The nerves, the very fountain of our vitality, have discharged the useless particles which cumbered them, and are expanding to absorb fresh nutriment from the nourishing blood. They have put away dead matter, and are all alive, new, pure, and vigorous. Death has accomplished its work *in life*, but the sweet flower flourishes unconsumed amid the flames!

The celebrated Electricians, the Drs. Baird of Washington and N. York, have at length established a formula for the ebb and flow of the electric currents in the American north temperate zone.* These

* English electricians have not yet been able to formulate the currents for this country. Local disturbances seem to embarrass and retard the investigation more here than in America; but we are indebted to an English physician of great celebrity for the discovery of the *contraction of nerve matter during sleep at night*. For those that favour the belief that these changes of matter are due to the presence or absence of the sun's light and heat, and not to the ebb and flow of the electric current, there will be a trifling difference in the system of living, because the alterations of the electric current so nearly correspond in time to the appearance and disappearance of the sun,

periods seem to follow somewhat the presence and absence of the sun, but are not coincident with them. The flow is estimated to commence about four a.m., with a slight ebb about mid-day, followed by an increase of current until about six p.m., when the long ebb commences, which is not changed until four a.m. again. Observation has not yet disclosed the *causes* which occasion and control these fluctuations of the wonderful tide, which, like a throb of divinity itself, thrills through all nature. But our chief interest in them is their influence upon the vital processes in our own bodies.

Now the fact has been established by the incontrovertible proof of examination, that nerve matter contracts perfectly *only during the permanent* ebb of the electric current, between 7.30 p.m., and about four o'clock the following morning. Therefore this is the period of rest. True as the needle to its Ruler in the skies, intelligent humanity must respect the seasons and influences which control its vitality.

When the electric current is thrilling and expanding our elastic nerves, the Hours of sensation, of observation, and action have arrived. Then man can pursue all objects of happiness and industry.

But another Hour is struck on the grand Harmonium of nature, and now the wondrous current ebbs from its delicate receptacles, and they must be left to shrink and discharge from their pure parti-

cles everything dead and effete, that thus their vitality may be preserved in all its freshness.

But not only must the proper seasons of rest and action be loyally observed, but those habits which excite expansion of nerve matter during periods when it should be contracted, or which diminish its power of expansion when the proper time has arrived, must be avoided.

Heavy dinners, or indeed any full meal taken within three or four hours before six o'clock p.m., will force the digestive organs to hard work and free latent electricity, which will keep the nerve matter unduly expanded, no matter how strictly the proper hour of retiring has been observed. Undue muscular action, and great excitement during the latter hours of the day will produce the same results.

If we rise between four* and five o'clock, and have a wholesome comfortable breakfast not later than six, our substantial dinner about one o'clock, and some light nourishment about five o'clock in the afternoon, the digestive organs will have fully accomplished their work by half-past seven. And if all the most energetic and exciting labour is performed, and recreative amusement partaken of during the earlier portions of the day, we are prepared for the thorough contraction of the nervous system during sleep at night.

* Five o'clock for rising, and eight o'clock for retiring, is more suitable for the climate of England.

It is important that the necessity of exertion, during the season most favourable for the expansion of nerve matter, should not be underestimated.

Great attention has been called of late years to the beneficial effects of the use of electrical charges. Quite a school of this department is in operation, and its teachers claim that many chronic diseases, hitherto regarded incurable, have been entirely removed by the judicious and frequent use of the electric battery magnetic appliances.

The value of electric charges to the nervous system consists in their increase of the expansion of nerve matter.

Where nerve matter is not sufficiently expanded by exertion during proper hours, a feeling of heaviness, and incapacity for successful work, is experienced, which is felt to be delightfully relieved after a reasonable supply of electricity has been received from the battery.

But as all *natural* processes, where it is possible to provide them, are more wholesome than any artificial system of forcing that man's ingenuity can contrive, so healthful work, and sufficient variety of new sensations and emotions, are the surest, simplest, and most effective means of encouraging the expansion of nerve matter during the season of the flow of the earth's currents.

Still, there are numberless cases, especially among women, where habits which produce a torpid condition of nerve matter have been persisted in (from

necessity or carelessness), for which magnetic applications are doubtless the simplest, and most efficacious mode of relief. Also where diseases have been induced by this abnormal condition of the nerves.

We are all familiar with the pleasure afforded by new scenes, by objects of curiosity and interest, and by change of surroundings, &c. The pleasure is a very wholesome one, because the nerve matter is expanded more fully than it was able to become without these conditions. This change of nerve particles develops latent electricity, which is felt to be as grateful in its effects as when we receive it from an electric battery.

The collecting together of numbers in towns and cities excites the increase of electricity, which is often remarked on by observers from the difference it causes in the very contour of the faces and expression of the features of towns people and country people.

But we also remember that if we indulge in too much variety, too much excitement, our satisfaction is marred even at the time, not to speak of the serious and fatal results which sometimes follow; just as if we had received from an electric battery too heavy a charge.

The relief and enjoyment that are often experienced from attending large and interesting exercises during the evening and night are due to the same cause.

The nerves have not been properly expanded by wholesome work and active interests during the

proper season, and when at last they receive their needed stimulus, there is a most grateful sensation produced. But such enjoyment is abnormal and unwholesome, because the very best season for the *contraction* of nerve matter has been violently appropriated to its expansion, and the arrangement of the sacred laws of life will not be violently altered to balance the disorder.

Industry, action, enjoyment, are no less imperative for us during the seasons of the electric flow than *perfect solitude*, quiet, and repose during its permanent ebb at night.

And in regard to the world of business,—the great mass of really active industrious workers.

With business hours commencing about eight o'clock in the morning, and with an hour recess at noon, closing for the day at three o'clock p.m., would there be any significant difference between the length of the daily working term, and the hours now observed from about ten a.m. to four or five p.m. ?

And again, suppose a league of business men in any department, either mercantile or professional, resolve to confine their business labours strictly within the hours determined most favourable for nerve expansion, and consequently for vigorous activity, could they not well afford to *bide their time*, in rivalry with the heads of other firms who, by recklessly violating the laws of their physique, would

in thirty years hence be decrepit, and incapable, while the members of the health league would be in the full vigour of life and youth?

But there is a large class of workers, dependent on *others* for the regulation of their hours of labour and rest, and to these the question comes in a different form.

If the possibility of the preservation of youth is a simple demonstrable fact, how shall they estimate the importance of every effort possible to be conceived of, to obtain for themselves even the simplest subsistence, which ensures them the security of living in accordance with those sacredly important laws?

Pride, morbid ambition, and a desire to make a glaring display before our associates, will all have to be laid on the altar of Truth and Reason, and consumed like the dross which they truly are. A change of their mode of labour, may necessitate even severe retrenchments, and an almost painful simplicity of habits of living, but if they are intelligent, persevering, and courageous, this season of denial will be comparatively brief, and then the glory and fruition of the reward will cause the very memory of past privation to perish in eternal oblivion.

It is proper to state that the attention of the author was first called to the remarkable effect on increase of vitality produced by following the system

of rest, meals, &c., proposed in the preceding pages, by the prescription of an eminent city physician in Lynchburgh, Virginia, U. S., some years ago.

A young person was afflicted with a severe disorder, which it was feared would become chronic, and the sole prescription insisted on by the family physician was the exact hours of rising, retiring, eating, and active industry (as far as it could be pursued), advocated in this treatise.

The physician utterly refused to treat the case if his directions were not rigidly followed, and would give no medicine of any sort, except occasionally, when acute symptoms developed, some light herb tea. The rapid restoration of the patient was remarkable.

The doctor candidly admitted that he could not explain *how* the habits he so strictly insisted on could increase vitality, and enable the system to throw off such an amount of disease, but that he had seen it accomplished in such a number of the most testing cases that his faith in its efficacy was confirmed.

Since that time, the present writer has witnessed a number of remarkable recoveries from severe diseases by the sole observance of these habits of living. In one case the patient was not only a chronic invalid, but had been for months so reduced as to be almost incapable of the simplest bodily movements, and yet there was in a few months more, such a great increase of vitality, and such a wonderful reduction

in the force of the disease, that the patient was quite able to perform the ordinary duties of life.

The satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon, afforded by the appearance of nerve matter in vivisection,—its contraction during sleep at the proper hours of the night, throwing off diseased or useless particles, and its expansion and liquefaction during the flow of the electric currents during the day,—has been so recently obtained, that of course the physician referred to above was ignorant of it.

Whether it would be possible for the system to throw off the accumulation of morbid and dead matter that constitutes the disease of greatly protracted “old age,” is, of course, the subject of future experiment.

And if many who are ready to spend their thousands on accumulating enervating luxuries for themselves, and trying the most expensive medicines to relieve their chronic complaints, and preserve their youth, would make an honest persevering effort to carry out the habits indicated in the preceding pages, they would save their money for other truly valuable purposes, and bestow a great benefit by their wholesome example, not to speak of the sure prospect of securing health and continued youthful vigour.

If the two essential elements of preserving youth are *really* provided us in the organic structure of our being, what but our disobedience to the laws of

that organism is to prevent our enjoyment of the blessing? The power to appropriate and vitalise foreign particles absorbed from the blood, and to discharge useless and effete matter into the blood, is as inherent to the substance filling our nerve vessels as the power possessed by our blood of purifying and reinvigorating itself with the air which reaches us in our lungs.

We have long known the fact, but the *times* and *condition* in which these most intensely interesting changes take place have been ignored, and we have drifted on one after another by the myriad, while, like the weird flame of the avenging sword of some mysterious and awful Nemesis, each one has been blighted, withered, and consumed.

Death in Life! Inseparable twins! Strange indissoluble union!

It is only by this union, only by the full operation of the power of Death on the useless and foreign particles that collect within us, that we may preserve the sweet flower of Life ever fresh and blooming amid the fiery wave of Azrael's flaming sword; *but if we trifle with the laws of Death in Life*, we are shrivelled and consumed like a flaxen thread!

There are doubtless many points of physiological law yet to be discovered, which will give life a more perfect development, a richer enjoyment. Many forms of disease yet exist which, when once contracted, defy the most skilful efforts to remove them. There are many cases of deformity from

birth; many terrible accidents occur which cause instant death, or mutilate so severely that, though existence may be protracted some years, it is only a slow blight of the vital forces which must terminate fatally. But these sad facts cannot dim the brightness of the glorious truth that there is provision in the human structure, under reasonably favourable circumstances, for the preservation of the freshness of youth through an indefinite period.

There is no intention of preparing a full theological harmony of this physical law with the accepted Biblical records. The child of God who believes with the Psalmist, "Thy hands have made me and fashioned me!" will not have his faith disturbed by any new discovery of science in the wonderful domain of his heavenly Father's works. Youth may be preserved, or youth may fail; but to his eye of faith, in either case, it is the power of the Divinity whom he worships that causes the results.

Others will remember those wonderful and mysterious words spoken of the beloved disciple: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" Shall not the Author of our being do what He will with *His own*?

But why was not a truth of such intense importance revealed to man from the very beginning?

Have God's revelations to us ever dealt with facts of mere physical science? Surely not: the whole aim and burden has been to declare His Sovereignty

over all His wonderful works, and the necessity for man to reverence and obey Him, leaving to the slow development of our faculties to discover all the marvellous arrangements and provisions for our happiness.

During all the years of the divine ministry of "Him who spake as never man spake," no word of enlightenment on hygienic or sanitary laws ever passed His lips, though His life was spent in a country and climate where thousands fell victims to what we now understand were the grossest violations of physiological laws.

But "Death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." Did Enoch die?—Did Elijah die? The tradition is, that the beloved disciple did not see death. If death was the inevitable doom of every human creature, how could these have escaped? And is it not possible that Death was known *before the fall* of man as well as after, and that the real penalty for sin is the *spiritual death* which the apostle refers to so frequently, even while speaking of the physical death of the body?

But if sinners can preserve continuous youth of their bodies, how can the penalty of spiritual death and the destruction of the lost spirits be their portions on this earth?

To this it may be replied, that it cannot be less possible for the Supreme Ruler of the Universe to remove suddenly from the earth, and without the change of death, those who, while for their selfish

ends yielding strict obedience to the physical laws of their being, defy and outrage God's spiritual Sovereignty, than it is for Him to translate to the immediate glory of His presence those whom He will.

And if death is the inevitable penalty of all human creatures, why is it written that "Then those who are alive at the second coming of the Lord, shall be caught up to meet Him in the air?"

If death was their inexorable portion as descendants of their sinning primogenitor Adam, then death would surely overtake them ere they entered into the joy of their Lord.

When a sinner, no matter how outbreaking, though it might be criminal, lingering out his sentence in gaol, is overtaken with some virulent disease, the pious physician does not hesitate to give him every aid of science for restoring his health, and preserving his life. And need one fear the operation of any laws which the Supreme Creator has ordained, or dread that they will conflict in the slightest degree with the grand purposes of His Government?

When the possibility of preserving youth is generally understood, the rage of rivalry in meretricious show and unwholesome amusements will disappear, like miasma from a district where sanitary arrangements are properly attended to. LIFE, fresh, vigorous, enjoyable LIFE, will be recognised as the highest *earthly* good of man, and the observance of those habits which alone can insure it, will occupy the full attention of every one.

Intelligent men and women will not permit themselves or their children to wear any styles of clothing which can impede the generous flow of the sacred stream of life through its appointed channels. Nor will they hesitate to sacrifice any mere transient gratification of the senses or of social display and amusement, if it in any way interrupt the operation of those wonderful laws by which their Heavenly Father directs their physical being.

A man or woman who recklessly violates the laws of health will be regarded as an enemy of society, no less than his own enemy, and public punishment will be inflicted on him, and restrictions thrown around him, as in the case of moral criminals, that his pernicious example may not affect the rising generation, or cause suffering to his fellows.

The present persistent and increasing stagnation of trade is due to the diversion of capital and interest to the development of resources which, however intrinsically beneficial and delightful, are *not our immediate pressing* necessity.

Just as if the body were suffering for food, while the attempt was being made to relieve the cravings of hunger by diverting the attention to light amusements. The result would be the continuance of the suffering, indeed its aggravation, until a more sensible course was adopted, and the necessary food provided, after which recreation could be heartily enjoyed.

The *entire race* is suffering for the prime necessities of Life :—

Pure Air always.

Plenty of wholesome Work.

Freedom to observe loyally the laws of Health.

These are the great desiderata. No amount of *gold* can buy them. They are the peerless jewels of which no potentate, however mighty or sacred, can possess himself without paying their price : the birthright of *every* human being, yet remaining the *grand luxuries* which *no* human being has properly obtained.

For instead of these being the objects of universal desire, and calling out our first and most vigorous efforts, they receive comparatively the barest recognition amid the empty tawdries that have usurped their sacred places.

An apathetic ignorance weighs like a leaden cloud on the public mind, where they are concerned, and we rush on in suicidal anxiety and toil after glittering fancies, crushing at each step the tender blossoms of our true life !

Even the Church of the living God, while spending thousands to multiply edifices and bring religious instruction within the reach of every creature, cannot show a half dozen temples the round globe over that are constructed on the hygienic principles of our Houses of Parliament ; the only decent, not to say wholesome, place for a building where crowds are to assemble for hours.

And the hours of public services are systematically, in a great degree, as dissipating and utterly contrary to the laws of health as many gambling and drinking places. Ministers, Fathers, and Rabbies mingle not only in religious but secular assemblies at all hours of the night, or rather early morn, quieting their consciences, when they have any intelligent activity, by the fallacy of violating the most sacred laws, in order to win others to reverence their Divine Author !

After such mournful instances of moral defalcation in the *Princes* of our race, the very *salt of humanity*, we feel the shock lessened, when we find the chief ministers of state, the high dignitaries and fathers, and the ladies of their circle, occupied during the *entire hours of the night* in feasting, dancing, conversaciones, clubs, business meetings, or the debates of, the parliamentary sessions !

Our highest scientific authorities are equally culpable ; and many of our physicians indulge in habits in as utter disregard of the laws of health as the most stupid idiot that occupies a cot in their hospitals.

And in short, where will you find, in the whole realms of church, science, state, or general society, one half-dozen persons who intelligently and loyally observe the laws by which our Heavenly Father has constructed our human bodies to be preserved ?

Echo answers,—“ Where ? ”

When we behold the blind and reckless rush of the multitude, until the crime of SUICIDE is almost *canonised*, instead of its votaries being debarred interment in holy ground :—

When we see the prime necessities of life regarded with a contemptuous apathy that might well disgrace a heathen :—

When a man or woman, in the early prime of life, and with splendid endowments of mind and physique, will look you carelessly in the face, and declare that even the partial and brief attention to physiology necessary to give us that solemn impression of the sacredness of the laws of life, and the savage barbarity, not to say *crime*, of tampering with them,—is quite distasteful to them, and a matter which they resign entirely to the faculty who *are paid to attend to it*, and that as to visiting a *post mortem* room, under any conditions, the idea is too shocking to be entertained !—

(Meanwhile, their own suicidal habits, and the contemplation of others perishing *slowly right before their eyes*, are scenes whose annoyance and repulsiveness *may be endured*. The process of *Dying* is quite inoffensive to their perverted sensibilities, it is only its consummation in *Death* that is permitted to repel and disgust) :—

When we see such gifted gentlemen as Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Dickens indulging in habits of continued mental over-excitement, electrifying the world with their tender and brilliant humour, while, as it

were, they pull down over their own devoted heads the *black cap of Death*, in the very face of the throng who hang delightedly on their lips :—

When we see their literary peers and successors persistently following in their footsteps :—

When we observe in the business world the results of this general apathy, in its trifling advances towards vigorous organisation ; the aimless drifting of capital and interest in any direction that some blind or narrow personal ambition may direct, instead of its powerful and steady flow : *first*, to the sanitary arrangements on which the very breath of our being depends ; next, the proper care of all the diseased ; and next, the instruction in mind and morals of the ignorant : leaving the erection of all structures exclusively ornamental (except the memorials of our sacred dead), and all forms of industrial enterprise of a similar nature, to be developed *after* we have attained the full possession and enjoyment of the *grand essentials*, our *birthright inheritance*, without which other comforts *cannot* be really enjoyed :—

When we see our poor bodies in many cases the mere *hulls of disease*, devoted to the sole end of *milliners' blocks*, and *tailors' stands* without the slightest regard to the sacred laws of Temperature, Weight, and Vigorous Motion ;—is it not humiliating and saddening !

To behold the sweet fruit of the Tree of Life waving in full sweep, within the reach of all, while

at the same time a torpor, or reckless wilfulness blinds their sight and paralyses their desire to obtain it, is truly a form of Tantalian agony that no poet could have conceived! Truly it is a survey appalling enough to gratify the morbid greed of the sensational!

“The wheels of the gods grind slowly,” beautifully saith the olden scribe; and slowly humanity arouses itself from the long slumber of infancy and ignorance. Quicker and stronger throb the full pulses of its own natural life, and little by little it observes and comprehends itself and its surroundings. Its movements are at first weak and vacillating, its ideas exaggerated and crude; but as Time speeds on, its grace and power develope, its reason matures, and its actions display intelligent force. The hour of its full vigour draweth nigh!

All nature waits and sighs, and trembles with joy at the approach of the instalment of her new sovereign! On every hand tokens, whispering of a bright morning, and the ushering in of an era of progress and development undreamed of before, are appearing!

The discovery of the Law by which Nerve Matter preserves its freshness and purity is the *Heraldic Star* of that golden day, dissipating the darkness of our long, long night!

Happy the man or woman who accepts with thoughtful attention the angelic prognostics, and in

simple, reverent devotion to the *Sacred Laws of Life*, awaits the fulfilment of the *Glorious Promise*!

The impulse, which an acceptance and observance of the principles advanced in this little treatise must produce on all activities of life, will be apparent to every one.

Trade, business of all kinds, either professional or mechanical, will receive a spring from the sense of security, of hope, and reliance on the future, that no other influence could effect. The transient and trifling disarrangement of business hours attending the introduction of better physical habits, would be scarcely noticed in the bright dawn of a long and golden era of prosperity.

The steady flow of capital and interest to the important sanitary movements already introduced, and others no less essential, would swiftly remove many noxious influences now destroying the health and lives of thousands.

All social customs which impair the health would be rigidly discountenanced, and those which conduce to it, generously encouraged.

Those modes of dress which unnecessarily embarrass physical activity, and impede wholesome circulation of the blood, would be promptly condemned and discarded.

In every instance of death where scientific examination of the remains would contribute invaluable information for the benefit of humanity, such

investigation would be unhesitatingly afforded by the relatives of the deceased to proper authorities.

An enlarged liberality would be displayed to provide means of instruction in the most vital and important laws of health, to those who lacked such knowledge; recognising the fact, that, within a given area, every life is held (to an alarmingly serious extent) at the mercy of the loyal observance of sanitary laws on the part of our associates.

But, says the little ten-year-old miss, who has been out till two o'clock at a baby's ball the previous night, and is languidly turning over the leaves of this little pamphlet, which "Bub" carelessly left on his seat at the table, as she sips her rich chocolate, and still richer cream toast,—

"Does the wretch mean that everybody must go to bed at six o'clock?"

[No, my much enduring little maiden, I mean that you must have all your day's work and amusements, even to eating your light supper (which must by no means be more than a moderate piece of bread, without butter, or a drop of liquid, except water), over by six o'clock. After that hour you must be quiet, and, except the interchange of some simple kindly words with the friends of your household, and preparation for your night's rest, you must be ready to lay your happy head on your fresh pillow,

at least by half-past seven o'clock, and from that moment you must, if possible, *go quietly to sleep*; if you cannot do this, you must be as still and keep as quiet as you possibly can. This will of course do away with all evening dinners, and oblige you to dine not later than 2 p.m.]

“O dear!” screams young mistress; “how *extremely* absurd!” and by this time, Mamma, and Elise the grown belle of the family, have reached the breakfast-room, and condescend to inquire how it is possible for any creature to exert themselves so much at that hour of the morning. (It is at least *ten o'clock*!)

“O, Mamma! O, Elise! do for pity’s sake listen to the most absurd book that ever was heard of. Only think! go to bed at half-past seven o’clock, and you will live for ever, and be immortally young and beautiful!”

“Nonsense, child,” says mamma; “why that is as old as the hills:—

‘Early to bed and early to rise
Makes one healthy, wealthy, and wise,’

is an ancient saying.”

“But that does not promise to preserve youth and beauty,” suggests the lovely Elise, who even now has a reasonable dread of having her charms fade in old age.

“O, of course, that is, as Nannie says, ‘too absurd to be dreamed of even.’”

"What book is it, Nannie?" asks Elise.

"The title is the 'Angel's Talisman; or, The Provision in our Nervous System for continuous Youth.' Bub dropped it from his pocket, I suppose, for I found it where I have often found one of his treasures — on the chair here."

"Let me see the book, child."

"No, no; it is too absurd for you or Mamma to peep at even; I shall examine it more thoroughly before I trust it in your hands," replies the saucy puss.

But Papa comes in and captures his pet and her book, and while she returns his morning caress with full interest, she finishes by grasping his whiskers and looking steadily in his eyes as she says,

"How would you like, sir, to live for ever, and be ever as beautiful as you are now, you old precious, not to mention what you were when you entrapped my poor abused Mamma into marrying you."

"I protest, Mamma," says Elise, *sotto voce*; "Nannie is indulged too much."

But Mamma only smiles feebly, and Papa makes eyes at his darling, and tells her he hopes to live to dance at her wedding.

And somehow that brings the little maiden down from her heroics, and she seems to be quite thoughtful now, and drawing her breakfast to her father's side sits down by him, and asks with deep earnestness,

"But, darling Papa, would it not be *lovely* if you

could always love me just as you do now, and never grow one single day older?"

"Of course it would, pet, and I have not the slightest objection. Come, are you going to turn fairy, and confer immortal youth on me?"

"I have the 'Angel's Talisman' here," says Nannie holding up the little book at arm's length; "'The Angel's Talisman to preserve youth.'"

But Elise has dextrously caught the coveted treasure from her sister's hand, and exclaims,

"No, I am your fairy, Papa; I have the 'Talisman,' and I will preserve the youth and beauty of all my happy subjects."

"Ah, sis, if you *will* preserve his youth," says tender-hearted Nannie, "*you may* be the fairy."

"And what is the Talisman," queries Mamma, with an old time flash stealing back to her fading eye.

"Wisdom and obedience!" promptly answers Miss Nannie.

"What wisdom, what obedience?" says Miss Elise, twisting the leaves, and groping through their contents.

"O lots of things—principally though, retiring *precisely* at *half-past seven*, and not eating your dinner later than 2 p.m.," answers Nannie, amidst a most unusual burst of laughter for that hour of the day, at that table.

"It certainly is absurd," says Papa.

"Yes," but pleads pet, nestling closer to him,

“only think of saving your youth, dear; and having you to love me *always*.”

“If everybody approved it,” says Elise, “there might be some reason in trying it; but then no mortal could imagine such a state of things.”

“O,” shrieks Nannie, “there goes Mr. Roscoe’s bell, and the crack of my doom! Alas! woe is me, unless this precious knight delivers me from the ogre!” and she clasps papa’s arm, and assumes the pleading look which has so often gained her cause.

“What does Mamma say?” says poor Papa, willing to get somebody to help him to be naughty.

“Mamma says that she cannot make such a distinction between the oldest and youngest daughter,” says jealous Miss Elise. “Ah, Papa, you never excused me from lessons as often as you do Nannie!”

“I am afraid, love, you will have to go,” whispers Papa.

“Not if my gallant champion defends me,” replies his saucy little daughter.

“Papa, papa,” says Manma, shaking her head reproachfully, “you ought not to parley with the tempter.”

“Ah, dearest, let poor Roscoe come in to breakfast; I am positive his poor head aches at the very thought of me, as mine does at the mention of his name; and a cup of this delicious chocolate would revive him,” pleads the cunning little witch; and Papa says, “Off with you, then, you little

gipsy," amid cries of "Oh! shame, shame!" from Mamma and Elise. And soon Miss Nannie is seen marching in, locking arms, with a large and cheerful-looking gentleman, whom she seats in triumph on the other side of Papa.

"You won't let me have any bread and butter, Mr. Roscoe?" says Papa; "I am such a naughty boy."

"No, sir," replies the gentleman; "I shall only stipulate that you will excuse my sharing your delightful breakfast, as I had mine at six this morning, and shall dine at *one*."

"And what time will you take supper?" says gushing Nannie.

"At five," replies Mr. Roscoe.

"And retire?" pursues the young inquisitor.

"At half-past seven," quietly replies her tutor, and is amused at the merriment which follows his simple remark.

"O, you old dear," says Nannie, reaching over Papa to give him a pinch. "You are the fairy after all, and will keep my Papa alive for ever, beautiful as he is this moment, to love me."

"Mr. Roscoe will despair of ever civilising you during Papa's natural life," says Miss Elise, whose jealousy has made her a little harsh.

But Mamma begs that Mr. Roscoe will permit her to explain the mystery, or he will think them all naughty. And then tells him of the little pamphlet that had caused such an unusual excitement at the

breakfast table. Miss Nannie takes note that Mr. Roscoe is confused at mention of the book, and her curiosity aroused, opens the battery again by inquiring if her tutor has seen the book.

Yes, Mr. Roscoe has seen it. But Nannie is not satisfied.

"You surely do not believe in it, sir?" says the young lady, dropping into one of her sober moods.

"I very surely do, dear Nannie," replies Mr. Roscoe, in his soberest earnest.

And Miss Nannie lets her cup drop in the saucer with a clang that makes Mamma shiver, and Elise frown on the impetuous young maiden. But Papa rises to go, and stoops to kiss "his baby" good-bye.

"Not yet, not yet, dear Papa; do wait, just one moment, and let Mr. Roscoe tell you what the 'Talisman' means."

"O I know that by heart already," says Papa,—
" 'Wisdom and obedience.' "

"Yes, but how it can make you preserve your youth! Come! down, down, sir! you must hear the finale!" and the petted child pulls him back in his chair, and ensconces herself safely in his lap.

Elise draws near with interest that she scarcely disguises; and Mamma's pale face grows bright with expression.

"Come, Mr. Roscoe, I believe we are booked for the performance, and you are the leading actor; there is no help. Let us have Act 1, Scene 1," says Papa.

“Prepare yourself, then, sir, for the curtain falls on the lovely tableau that now cheers my sight,—The loving parent with his pet on his bosom, the mother lending a sympathetic ear, and the blooming young sister.

“The dark, dark curtain falls on these, and rises on a wide lone plain, where, under the velvet green, the strong father lies cold, and still for ever! Near him his pet yet nestles, but in her dumb grave, and the fond mother and tender sister lie not far off, blighted for ever in death! A young man walks among those graves and weeps above them. O, would to God! those dear ones could have given heed to the sacred laws of their being! then might I be this moment gazing upon their loving faces, instead of shivering above their lonely graves!”

“O hush! hush!” cries Nannie; “it is too horrid!—you must not shock me so.”

But Mr. Roscoe remorselessly continues: “Alas, they mistook the value of *Life* and *sweet Youth* when they bartered them for a few brief years of unnatural excitement, and to say the least, unwholesome pleasure! Where are their gay feasts now? Where are their saloons filled with joyous, brilliant beings? Empty of all life and beauty, and only filled like these cold dumb graves, with the ghosts of their sacred remains!

“Even their seats in the house of God shall never more be occupied by their reverent forms; but strangers will fill them, and chant the worship of

that Majesty, whose physical laws they perchance are as heedlessly ignoring ! ”

“ Very severe,” bursts from Papa.

“ You authorised the performance, sir,” says Mr. Roscoe, courteously ; “ it will continue only at your pleasure.”

“ Go on, go on, then, we will try and hear it,” says Papa, but a strange look of deep feeling is gathering in his honest eyes, and the arm around his little daughter tightens its grasp.

“ The public cannot easily be attracted to Divine service during the day,” continues the orator, “ and therefore for *their salvation*, protracted night services must be provided them, at the cost of the sacrifice of their vigorous youth, and not theirs only, but that of the mistaken zealots who love their souls. Forgetting that the odious term *debauchery*, really signifies *any* exercise of the physical faculties which vitiates and blights them. Forgetting too, that the loving Majesty of heaven would not have endowed his creatures with generous capacities for the enjoyment of their human lives, and then constantly required them to be sacrificed in His service.”

But Papa peeps at his watch, and finds that an engagement which he cannot neglect is nearly due, and Nannie understands that this is really the good-bye kiss, and her most interesting reprieve is over.

“ Go thy way for this time ; when I have a more convenient season I will call for thee,” says Papa, as he bids Mr. Roscoe good morning ; and Nannie

takes care to stuff "The Talisman" in his coat pocket, where he will be sure to find it in some spare moment, and doubtless examine it with thoughtful attention.

And the little girl's face flushes with joy as her Father whispers,

"After Elise is married next month, and fairly started on her tour, and *we old folks, you and Mamma and I*, have the house to ourselves, we will *try the 'Talisman'!*"

For Nannie knows Papa always keeps his promises.

In closing, it is earnestly hoped, that no expression which has been employed, may be understood as lacking in admiration or reverence for those bright examples of religious faith who adorn and bless our age. A traveller found asleep on a crumbling precipice might well pardon the hand that snatched him from the perilous spot, however awkward or rough the grasp.



The Tree of Life and its Angel Guard.

AN olden story, it is sung
 That heavenly bright a garden grew—
 And o'er its beauteous streamlets hung
 Full many a tree most fair to view !

But all those shining trees among,
 One glorious stood,—supremely bright
 As if its towering branches flung
 A radiance caught from heaven's own light !

The balmy leaves their fragrance shed,
 A grateful joy to touch or sight,
 A mystic healing influence spread,
 And all it reached was safe from blight !

But ah,—beside that glorious Tree !
 An Angel veiled,—majestic stood,
 His right hand bore a flaming sea,—
 A sword that fed on human blood !

For human effort all were vain,
 To pass those flaming blades of fire—
 The blooming Tree of Life to gain,
 The goal of every fond desire.

The years roll on,—and nations come,
 And crowd the spacious globe around,
 But none *save two*, escape the doom,
 Of all that dwell on earthly ground !

“ O spare my babe ! ” (one pleads in vain,)
 “ See ! heaven’s own light hath on it smiled,
 Its spotless soul has known no stain ;
 Ah, thou wilt spare *my only child* ! ”—

Even while she prays a ghastly light
 From that stern sword falls on its face,—
 Ah ! sad to see such total blight
 Consume for aye such charming grace !

A valiant hero leads the throng,
 To loftiest deeds for human weal ;—
 By grace of God kept pure and strong,
 And filled with ever fresh’ning zeal :

Relentless falls that fiery blade,
 His noble head drops on the sod—
 While mourning friends around him plead,
 “ Take us ! but spare this child of God ! ”

And some go mad fear and grief,
 And bitter curses fling to heaven,—
 Then reckless grown of all relief,
 Upon those surging flames are driven !

And some go madder still for gain,
 And clutch at all within their reach ;—
 The orphan's cry of bitter pain,
 No tender thrill their hearts can teach !

These gather crowds of wretched forms,
 Who shiver in the wintry blast,
 And deep in dark unwholesome mines,—
 In labour's rank they chain them fast.

Or yet more quickly wealth to win,
 They gather *babes with hardship old* !—
 And force their tender hands to spin,
 And earn their masters *gold,—more gold* !

And some drown thought in heartless mirth,
 The drunkard's cup, the gambler's stake,—
 And laugh to scorn the sacred hearth,
 Which wedded love delights to make :

And others yet, even as the brute
 Besotted, wild with ignorance,
 Of long neglect the wretched fruit,
 Devour young babes, 'mid song and dance !

Sweet saints whose souls are free from blot,
 Pass to and fro, with tender care,
 For others' woes (their own forgot),
 Each sufferer's grief to soothe or share :

They may not solve the mystery,—
 No answer give the mother's prayer,
 The Angel's face they cannot see,
 " But simply trust, *God must be there !*"

" The Father could not be unjust,
 His mighty power none may withstand !—
 Like little children we will trust
 Our *times* and *seasons* in His hand.

" God's word the promise surely gave,
 ' Redemption of the body ' here ;
 His whole creation He will save,
 Which ' groaneth ' till the hour draw near !—

" The earth is full of richest good,
 That struggles all its wealth to unfold,
 Man's heart responds, as if it would
 Within itself all blessings hold !"

Meanwhile a lovely child appears,
 It scarcely seems of human mould,—
 So bright-eyed, strong, and free from fears,
 It seeks all mysteries to unfold !—

Its wondrous powers develop swift,
 Each hour some conquest fresh it makes ;—
 Man's burdens it doth slowly lift,
 And nature to new life awakes !

It counts the wealth of every sea,
 It reads the stones of every land,—
 For messenger most sure and free
 The lightning's flash it doth command !—

And now it lifts the mystic veil,
The Angel's face so long hath hid,
 With firm resolve that will not fail,
 By no blind doubt or fear forbid !—

The sacred law, so long concealed
 From ignorance and mistaken zeal,
 Shines forth, its glory full revealed,
 With richest gifts for human weal.—

*The tender tide that thrills our frame,
 Obeys the force that lights the sun,
 Swells with its flow, fresh food to gain,
 Shrinks with its ebb, sweet rest begun !*

*While cheering light doth flood the earth,
 Man must his work and pleasure seek ;
 When ebbs the electric current's warmth,
 His shrinking nerves in slumber keep !*

*The Angel's sword waves to consume
 Only the dross that would impede
 The thrilling flow of life's pure stream,—
 Doth prove a preeious gift indeed.*

The Tree of Life ! The Tree of Life !
 Its Angel guard aids us to win—
 The Tree of Life ! The Tree of Life !
 Its Balm is felt ! Its Glory seen !

Now happy parents may rejoice
 To watch their darling's blooming grace,—
 And all who make *God's law their choice*,
 Find strength to run their earthly race !

The dead that rest in hope, meantime,
 God surely will to us restore,
 When dawns the day of that bright clime,
 Where sun and moon are seen no more !

Let earth be filled with songs and praise,
 All nations His great name confess !—
 Acknowledging in all their ways,
 The God who deigns their *life* to bless !



